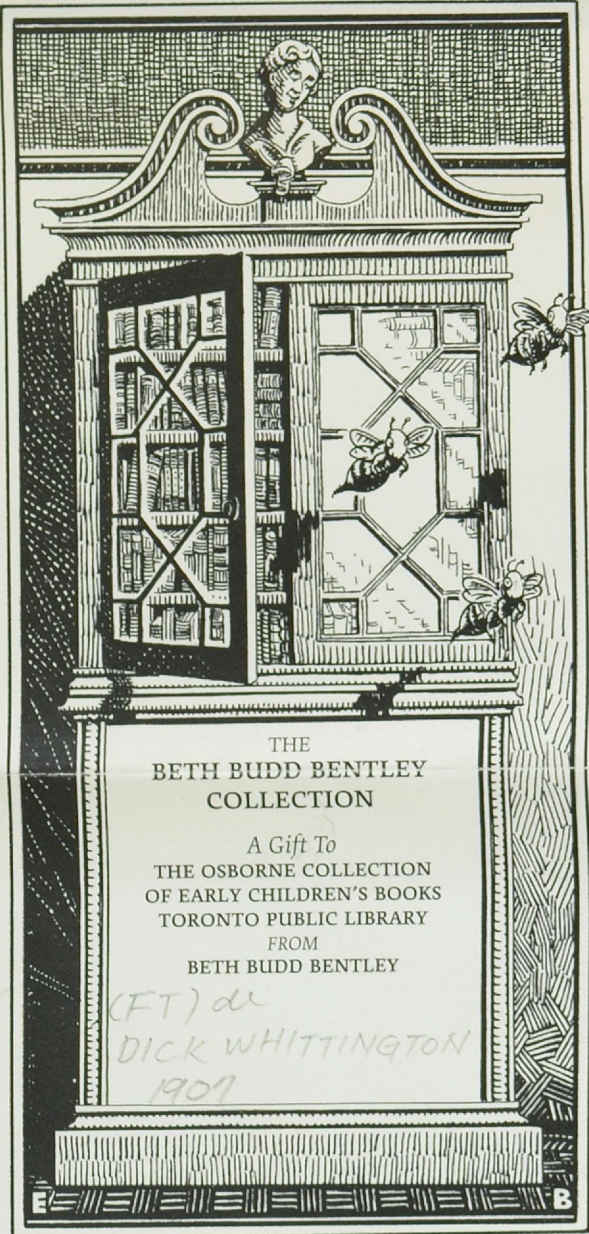




Dick Whittington



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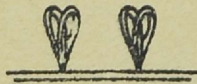
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DICK WHITTINGTON
1907

This bookplate, designed by Eric Beddows, was commissioned by
The Friends of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections
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.. DICK ..
WHITTINGTON



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DUNDEE, LONDON, AND MONTREAL

Dick Whittington.

Of all the stories beloved by boys and girls, there is not one more interesting than "Dick Whittington." For, though it reads just like a fairy tale, the story is quite true, and in London to-day you can see a great hospital in Smithfield, called St. Bartholomew's, which was partly built by Dick when he had become Sir Richard Whittington.



He was quite a little boy when he left his home in Lancashire and set out to make his fortune in London. His mother and father were both dead, and the only friend Dick had in all the world was his cat. A poor, starving, homeless pussy it was when Dick first befriended it. The two became companions after that, and Dick's cat became almost as famous as his master. Like many another boy, this Lancashire lad imagined that the streets of London were paved



with gold, and when he arrived in the great city, penniless, and had to sleep with his cat on the cold stones, all his dreams of fortune seemed to melt away. But there was the determination to succeed in Dick, and he soon found a place where he could make himself useful. In the house of a rich merchant, he got a situation as scullery boy. From early morn till late night, Dick was kept busy, and his sleeping place was a cold garret, where rats and mice



were plentiful.

Pussy was a capital mouser, however, and soon cleared his master's bedroom of these intruders.

But there came a day when the two were parted. Dick's master was what is known as a foreign trader. His great ships sailed to far away countries with goods of all kinds, and these sold at a large profit. Often he would give his servants the opportunity to make money by sending anything they wished to sell to the Blackamoors, and



when Dick was offered the chance, what do you think he did? His only possession was his cat, and he risked it. Dick cried himself to sleep the night that pussy sailed for a foreign shore, and often, often, he wished it back again. But great things came of Dick's venture. For a time after parting with his cat, everything went wrong with him. The cook, a cruel, ill-tempered woman, often beat him, and the poor boy got so disheartened that he made up



his mind to run off.

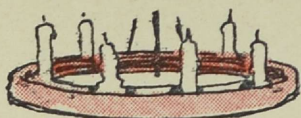
Rising one morning at dawn, he tied up his few things in a bundle, and carrying it with a stick over his shoulder, set off to tramp back to Lancashire. Thinking sadly of his life in London, he began to use his imagination again, and pictured to himself a wonderful career, in which he should become Lord Mayor of London. Sitting down to rest by the wayside, close to the village of Holloway, he fell fast asleep, and when the Bells of Bow



chiming woke him,
he thought their
ding dong sounded like
"Turn a-gain, Whitt-ing-ton,
Thrice Lord Mayor of
London." At first Dick laugh-
ed at the idea, but it put fresh
spirit in the boy, and he set
his face again towards London.
When next Bow Bells chimed
he was well on his way back,
marching with a prim step,
and his head held high. The
busy stir in the streets seemed
lightsome to him, and he felt
life had something good in
store. Arriving at his master's



house, Dick found that his hopes were not without foundation. News had just come of the ship in which his cat had travelled, and it was good news for Dick. His cat had been sold for a great sum of money. The merchant was full of the wonderful story, and Dick could scarcely believe his good fortune. He just kept wishing he could have had his cat and the gold too. It seemed that the captain of the ship in which puss set sail had been invited to dine



with the King of the Blackamoor country on the night they put into port. A royal feast indeed had been prepared, and many distinguished guests sat at table with the British captain. But to the horror of all, the great dining-hall, like all the rest of the palace, was overrun with rats and mice. The household seemed quite accustomed to the vexations caused by the animals. "Sometimes," said the King, "they demolish everything in the store-room, and we never



know what it is to sleep in peace."

The captain listened astounded to the royal tale of woe, and then asked if there was no cat kept in the palace." "A cat," cried the King, "what sort of an animal is that? We have tried lions and tigers, and all sorts of wild beasts, but they are of no use for killing mice and rats." Delighted to render some service in return for the kindness shown him, the captain sent orders to the ship to have Dick Whittington's cat



instantly brought to the palace. The scene that followed delighted the King hugely. As one after another of the great rats was killed, and mice lay dead all around, the palace rang with cheers for the cat conqueror. "Not for all my kingdom would I part with him," the King cried, and when the captain was asked to name a price for the useful pussy, he sought six bags of gold. So the ship sailed home with this good fortune for Dick, and so proud was the



merchant of the
value that pussy had
proved, he did everything
in his power to help Dick
Whittington on in the
world. Steadily the poor
Lancashire lad won his way
to fame and fortune, and just
as Bow Bells had predicted,
he was three times made Lord
Mayor of London.







Dick Whittington